

MORE HOMAGE TO BROWNING

ILLUSTRATED
BY
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IN RECOGNITION OF THE
50th ANNIVERSARY
OF THE PASSING OF
ROBERT BROWNING
(December 12, 1889)

P R E F A C E

Some years ago, Miss Aleph Turner (now Mrs. E. S. Carter of Wichita Falls, Texas) under my direction brought together a most worthwhile book of HOMAGE TO ROBERT BROWNING in the form of poems. This work was most favorably received and although two thousand copies were issued, it has long been "out of print".

Of the book, Sir Frederic Kenyon, then director of the British Museum wrote me in most complimentary terms saying he wished Browning could have seen it for he was sure Browning would have enjoyed it very much.

Twenty years have passed and another of my students has interested himself in the subject. Mr. John Richter, capable and appreciative, has gone over the material which I have accumulated and he has selected what he considers the best and I have encouraged his publishing of these selections.

With an eye keen for technical effects, he has selected handsome paper, demanded the finest of typesetting and arrangement—thus bringing out a deluxe edition.

I commend his work cordially as a lasting addition to Browningiana. My only regret is that he has felt it would add prestige to the publication to have it a limited edition—for there will be only five hundred copies printed, and I am sure it would take many more to satisfy the demand.

All lovers of Browning will be indebted to Mr. Richter for his careful selection and the pains he has taken to allow others to share his pleasure in bringing together this "NEW HOMAGE TO ROBERT BROWNING."

My best wishes go with this book.

A. JOSEPH ARMSTRONG.

MORE HOMAGE
TO BROWNING

TO ROBERT BROWNING



Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley

Soul, clear-eyed to front the things that are,
So clear to see the things that ought to be,
We humbly bring our offerings to thee,
Trusting our verse will not the lesson mar
Sure-learned from thee, that nothing can debar
The path of him who sets his faith to see
That service is the surest liberty,
And holds it firm to be his guiding star;
We come as oft to seek again thy light
Shining across the worldly welter wide,
Ally our hearts with the Eternal Right,
Which stamps with littleness all selfish pride;
O may our vision blend with love and might,
In thy divine serenity abide.

TREASURE



Judge Burton

UBDUED light stealing
Softly through stained glass
Windows.

Rare volumes ranged
Along the walls!
Pillowed in velvet
A bronze cast,
And marble busts
In silent watch.
A haunting portrait
With contemplative gaze:
Garbed in oriental splendor
Centuries glide
Along the floor.
On these I fondly gaze,
But in my soul
A priceless heritage—
The spirit of
Robert Browning.

IN MEMORIAM



Anonymous

A NOTHER soul is silent; and we phrase
The silence death; the coffin drape with pall,
God is beyond all, and the end of all:
His ampler service shuts the dead from gaze.
The seer passeth; but his vision stays,
Where man, so great in aim, in act so small,
Nor wholly godlike seems nor wholly thrall,
Whom lower, higher loves may sink or raise.
One race are we; one hope endures till death;
One infinite glory with us tarrieth;
For heaven is mingled with our earth-bound lives
Shining about us dimly. He who strives
To break the clouds and give man purer breath,
Though dead, is deathless; his high thought survives.

As one who hath all Heaven in his hold,
He gave with open hand, nor poorer grew;
His pearls from the exhaustless deep he drew,
And loved the search more than the gain untold.
A Heaven-lit soul hath part in God's domain;
There roams at large in child-like wonderment
And, child-like, joys in all things; there, unspent
Garners the holy fruit, and learns a strain
That wakes to strife our coward heart again;
So lived he lavishing and yet unspent.

We gave imperial burial to the dead
Yet is his truest monument enshrined
In the majestic Minister of his mind,
Buttressed towards Heaven, vaulted overhead
With massive Truth, the wondrous carving spread
As though no walls the lavish thought could bind
Fancy's rich tracery thro' the windows twined,
And over all the light of Heaven shed.

Thus hath the Master-builder nobly wrought,
Hath dowered the earth with his illumined spires;
Hath set within our gaze the holy fires
Lit on the altar of his high-arched thought:
Hath to a songless world his anthem brought,
And kindled in our hearts his high desires.

TO ROBERT BROWNING



Anonymous

HIS is the day that saw thy great heart still'd,
Thou deathless Singer! Whose intense clear song
Burns like a flame; whose eagle thought is strong
To soar to full sunn'd heights, divinely thrill'd
By Light's pure essence. We, who watched thee build,
With quick, electric touch, thy living throng
Of MEN AND WOMEN, do thee no such wrong
As call thee dead, whose life is but fulfill'd.

For here, a while, two Stars, that glow'd as one
In our dull firmament, shone side by side:
And first the gentler radiance paled and died
Back to its Heaven; and then thy course was run,
Thou Orb of fire: so Heaven and Earth did kiss,
And Death grew Life again in Light's intensest bliss.

SEQUENCE



Anonymous

REVIVED in every sun that sleeps to rise,
Our thanks, Great Bard, are few but deeply felt.
Bearing Tell's own stamp, your arrowed verse flies
Even-winged to the fruit in which has dwelt
Remotest seeds of God and good. The soil
Trembles and awakes; the soul that sleeps
Begins to grow, and soon knows strength for toil,
Rendering to its sire again from steeps
Of gratitude the praise it justly owes.
When life's mirage shall light my eyes in vain,
Not then will I forget the half youth shows;
In your own life I'll see the truth you train
Nature's child to see, and even more;
God puts life after death, and death before.

TO ROBERT BROWNING



Anonymous

O you see around the snow-white throne
The souls of those who have found their quest,
Finding joy in peace and quiet and rest,
Each searching for himself alone
The pleasures of his heavenly home
And living as God's honored guest!

But look, one is poised above the rest
Climbing on toward Heaven's dome
Hand in hand with his lover
Struggling onward, upward, still
With the bearing of a spirit king
Reaching for greater heights above
Driven by an immortal will—
The striving soul of Robert Browning.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



Fred Rapheal Allen

N storied Florence is a noble tomb,
Where lies a woman, called Elizabeth.
Long years ago she gave her harp to death—
Long since she left her Casa Guidi room.
I hear an echo from th' Italian gloom;
Lo, 'tis the voice I oft have yearned to hear!
A gentle form steals lightly from her bier
And now I know the grave of fabled doom!
'Tis thou—Madonna of the poet's Heaven!
Thou Joan of Song who heard St. Micheal's voice
Thou Moon of Splendour in the lyric sky!
O take each note, thy deathless harp has given;
I make thy poet's dreams my lasting choice;
I hear thy singing—thou canst never die!

AFTER READING "PARACELSIUS"



Anonymous

shall arrive," he said "in His good time.
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
God guides me and the bird." O faith sublime
Of him who dares aspire nor feel dismay
To learn the workings of the Master Mind,
To climb transcendent heights nor look behind,
To win the secret of the Universe.
"Tis God who calls us to aspire—to KNOW;
For ignorance is the great human curse.
Knowledge is God-like: though the way I go
I know not. By what crooked paths or plain
The circuit leads, the toil will not be vain
That brings me onward to the unseen goal.
Error decays but knowledge shall survive.
Clear is the call. "I go to prove my soul.
In some time—His good time—I shall arrive."

ROBERT BROWNING



Margaret Armour

OICE, in our ears that made music so long,
How shall we mourn thee?
Death, to a region of mightier song,
Singing hath borne thee.

Joy of the earth, with its tangle and pain
In and out woven,
Life and its pageantry, splendour and stain,
Longings unproven—

These were thy song, now a wind swaying, soft,
Roses asunder;
Wilder anon than the tempest aloft,
Pealing in thunder.

Stars in Faith's firmament, bright once, but now
Dim grown, and dimmer—
Honour to thee, that undaunted didst thou
Follow their glimmer!

Steadfast pursuing through bloom and through blight,
Trust and despairing,
Evermore upward and on was thy flight,
Further still faring.

When shall another soul sojourn as near
God and His glory?
When such a singer pass, singing as clear
Man and his story?

Yet, if at last to thy realms of desire,
God's hands have borne thee,
We who, faint following, after aspire—
How should we mourn thee!

TO BROWNING

"upon rereading Rabbi Ben Ezra"



B. R. Bulkeley

GROW old along with thee? That were the way
To learn life's meaning and its secret find,
Reach toward the vision of what God designed
For life's fulfilment: to this end we pray
Our souls may list to what thy numbers say,
Covet the guidance of thy spirit kind
And mount to higher reaches of the mind,
And bless thee, as we do thy natal day.
So may life's richness touch our youth or age,
The while we yearn for heights whence we may see
Sure tokens of its pith and quality:
So grateful hearts in thee find heritage,
In larger service joyfully engage
And in thy praise, grow old along with thee.

ROBERT BROWNING



Luella Conger Boynton

BECAUSE you gave us much we bring our hearts
In truest gratitude. You have been friend
To every mood; you played a hundred parts
That you might share your strength unto the end,
Then meet the fog with courage, lifted head.
You sing with lovers, making love a shrine
For purer gifts; your wanderer is led,
Touching your hand, so manfully sublime.

And yet we know we honor more than you;
The Iambient flame that gave your spirit light
Is fire that burns eternal. You were true
Defender of its radiance, and night
Shall never be as dark nor ways as long
Since you held high the flaming torch of song.

TO BROWNING

"upon rereading ABT VOLGER"



B. R. Bulkeley

N mighty pinions thou dost wing thy flight
Into the empyrean of high thought;
And happy they who led by thee have caught
Fresh intimations of th' eternal right,
Which thou art highly summoned to indite:
So steadyng our grasp upon the Ought
Amidst a busy world where life is wrought,
We pause before thine eagle-visioned sight.
Help us to courage which confronts the wrong
With faith that finds a deeper good to be;
We feel the lift and triumph of thy song
And learn how discord turns to harmony:
We grateful yearn thy message to prolong
In lives made stronger as they turn to thee.

THE YEAR-LONG SINGER



Richard Burton

AY is a blithesome month, and much of song
Ripples among bird bowers, down greasy ways
When May-warmth mellow till June comes along
To swell the airy ardors of such days.

But since our bard was born May-sights among
And heard each bird in Camberwell make tune
On riant mornings or when eve-lights hung
A glory in the west, May cries to June:

“O, Time-of-singing, he came forth from me,
Yet give him I to you, that you may give
Him and his song, a gift superb and free,
To all the souls that by such Beauty live.

“Let him have room to sing the round year through:
All life was his, each turn of human Fate
And every heart’s desire he subtly knew,
Master of men and image of man’s estate”

So, every month our Browning gives us hail:
No mere fair-weather singer, but a voice
Like to a trumpet borne upon a gale,
Spring, autumn, winter, bidding us rejoice.

ROBERT BROWNING



Flora Warren Brown

H E loved the golden hour of Life's high day;
He found bright flowers in the darkened place,
And saw within each blossom God's own face,
Shining in copse, where scented rays of sun at play,—
Made dreams of them that Time shall not efface,—
Dreams grown to creeds of comfort and of grace,
That soul of man may read with Hope alway.

He loved Life's noon: what of the night,—the close
Of glorious day, with all its gifts of light?
Could darkness lead him to where earth's garlands are?
He breathed incense from heart of living rose,—
From soul of lilies dying, while the night
Taught him the glory of God's sunset star!

R. B.



R. Bulwer-Lytton

noble heart! noble mind! live,
Our leader, and king of us all!
Take the love which we languish to give;
Give the love without which we must fall.

You . . brave shoulders of Atlas, just strong enough
To bear up a world much in want of it!
You . . the wise heart that's probed our life long enough
To pardon the nonsense and cant of it!

Brows full of Olympian thunder,
Which only a god can wield:
And a glance like the lightening 'sunder,
Which scarcely a god can shield:*

An eye that looks straight on to God:
And a tongue that can baffle the Devil:
A wit that walks forth silver-shod,
And sets a fair front against evil.

When you speak—as you speak—I think Paul
At Athens, posterity teaching,
Said such words, thought such thoughts, just let fall
Such grand language as yours, in his preaching.

Yet bear with us! think for us! speak for us!
There is none we can honour above you.
When you think, our own thoughts are too weak for us.
When you speak, we are silent—and love you.

You are strong: we are weak: and the jostle
Of life seems to bruise us too much:
But you, O belov'd, O Apostle:
Leave healing behind in your touch.

Light and warmth! Every look of you piling
 Its own magnificent gladness:
But he that would probe your wise smiling
 Must have probed at the sources of sadness.

For o'er depth below depth of your being
 Unfathom'd the soul of you sleeps:
And your great smile is still to all seeing
 A rainbow that arches the deeps.

Ah that strength! ah that power! Yet so pliant!
 You're so great we could never come near you.
Were it not that the child with the giant
 Is mixt, and we honour,—not fear you.

O but for old times for one moment!
 How we'd hymn you, and crown you, and bring you
Thro' the Forum with praising and comment,
 Stepping proud o'er the flowers we'd flung you!

We'd die for you, gladly, if need were:
 And gladly we'd live, while we might, for you:
We'd follow wherever your heed were.
 Believe in you, hope for you, fight for you!

These are words now! And yet—O yet live
 Our leader and king of us all!
Take the love which is all we can give:
 Take large meanings for deeds that are small!

* In the original manuscript this verse was scratched through and evidently was meant to be omitted, thus making accurate transcription impossible.

ROBERT BROWNING



May Smith Dean

EV'RENTLY scan we the dower
Of talents, God-given to man
Browning's reflection of power,
Expressing Divinity's plan,
Raises our hope that each heart will aspire
To scatter earth-mists, with Promethean fire.

Browning! Defender of man's high endeavor
Refuter of failure, if too high the goal,
Optimist true, trusting God's purpose ever,
We seek thy brave words for refreshment of soul.
Now we rejoice that two earth-arcs, once broken,
In Heaven's completeness make one perfect round;*
Nike with laurel hath crowned thee and spoken:
"Great poet! Thy place with Immortals is found."

*E. B. B. died 1861.

R. B. died 1889.

BROWNING



J. Westby Earnshaw

ARD of the Piercing Eye!
Thy vision lifts the gathering haze
That blurs and glooms the far-past days,
Restaging deeds that dormant lie
In scenes our duller souls descry
As vivid to thy piercing eye.

Bard of Faith's Certitude!

Above the doubts and strife that rage
In this our said uncertain age,
Serene o'er controversial feud,
In temple vast and golden-hued,
Thou dweltest by faith's certitude.

Bard of the Commonplace!

Thou crownedst earth's uncrowned kings;
Thou hymn'dst the lilt of little things;
Revealing by thy poet grace
The unsung glories of our race,—
The beauty of the commonplace.

Bard of Love's Ardent Flame!—

Which glowed in thee so pure and bright
That by thy holy inner light
Thou could'st depict with truest aim
In life of every range and name
The flashes of the ardent flame.

Bard of Abounding Life!

Thy brimming cup of health and power
O'erflowed in spilth whose ample dower,
With quickening inspiration rife,
Endues us for the noble strife
To realize the abounding life.

Bard—ay—but likewise—Man!
Thou lived'st the things thy verses sang;
Thy life with splendid epic rang;—
Rough-hewn and naive in its plan,
Yet grandly-structured: So thy clan
Rever thee, bard, and love thee, man.

TO BROWNING



James Calvin Hooper

HY advent to earth the boon of destiny,
To make our hearts elate;
And 'twas golden Heaven's highest decree
To give a soul so great.

The world is blessed by having cradled thee,
And when thy dulcet voice
With lyric themes and loving philosophy
Needed, to make us rejoice.

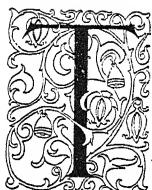
Oh, if I could have seen thee, Browning!
Had seen thy pious eyes;
With my own hands assisted in crowning
Thy brow with love's prize!

For thou a poet most noble and grand;
By thy works thou'rt exalt.
If we cannot thy wisdom understand,
And thy genius—whose fault?

Oft we're envious and sometimes denounce
Things we comprehend not,—
While our acts may get a blistering trounce,
Our labor's fruit forgot.

Blithely thou dost sing,—music is thy name,
Browning! That befodded soul,—
Which long since transcended temporal fame,
Such as mortals extol.

THE BROWNINGS



Leon Huhner

WO souls they were, that soared on magic wings,
To catch the music of the heavenly choir;
Hers was the love-note which the sky-lark sings,
And his, the mystic note of heart's desire.
He saw life's vision with its boundless span,
And sought to tell what words can scarce express,
The hidden meaning of God's mighty plan,
The heart's ambition and the soul's distress.
His thoughts were noble in their broad appeal,
And through his genius, with its mighty line,
He would in veiled, mysterious notes reveal
The constant struggle toward the love divine,
While both, with blended song, in harmony
Proclaimed to man "The best is yet to be."

MY FIRST THOUGHT ON HEARING OF
BROWNING'S DEATH



Julia Ward Howe

CARVE ye two pillows of marble stone
Where Westminster arches stand lofty and lone.
Trace on them two garlands of laurel fair,
And where wedded sovereigns sculptored are,
Make a bed in the holiest aisle,
Where storied windows may glow and smile,
And anthems sing for the Royal Dead,
Sovereigns of song, forever wed.

Fruitful of life were those nuptials rare;
A long train follows the kingly pair,
Over the continent, over the seas,
Far as sunrise can follow the breeze,
Far as sunlight in the sky
Makes human hearts leap glad and high.
Spirits of women, spirits of men,
Spirits in joy and spirits in pain,
Whether for merriment, music, or dole,
Follow the tread of each royal soul.

Open your gates, Westminster high!
Where should the minstrel sovereigns lie?
Walk at their funeral, woman lone,
They have thrilled at your grief and moan.
Wits of all ages, counsellors, kings!
Your thoughts of them were familiar things.
Bane of men's evilness, virtue sublime,
Beauties of childhood, gathered in rhyme,
With this sad pageant their ministry ends.
These were your guardians, those were your friends!
Who shall precede you with dutiful feet?
Who shall intone you for your melodies sweet?
No one inherits your magical song

That to all ages, all climes doth belong.
Great ones salute you from out the dim past,
Bards of the centuries, fashioned to last.
Homer and Dante and Shakespeare may say:
Souls of our temper are with us today.

(N. B. These lines were scrawled, almost illegibly, in
the pullman, on my way, I think, to San Fresno, California.
Hearing that Browning had died in Venice, the following
lines came to me, and were scribbled in like manner, before
seeing any account of the procession which they in manner
prefigure.)

Methought I saw our poet's funeral pass
Like a mysterious vision in a glass.
While smiled on him the bright Venetian day,
And silence waited on the bargeman's oar,
Listening for glorious song that comes no more.

The Ancient palaces so primly white,
Did seem to have their sorrow in the sight;
While "in the balcony" lovers and Queen
Persist in acting out their mimic scene,
Scarce heeding when the poet's dust floats by,
Except to say: "Die thou—we need not die."
The barks fly past, for pleasure, profit, sin,
Urged by some eager hand their soul to win.
For haste thy rowers' muscles are not strained,
No need to hurry not—thou hast attained.
But in thy track a flight of loosened doves,
Other than those thy Venice feeds and loves,
Make plaintive music with their tender call.
Who are ye then, ye creatures slight and small?
What place in this sad festival have ye?
"We're the song-spirits that his verse did free.
The earth shall hide his dust, for which you grieve,
But in his song a better earth shall live."

TO BROWNING



Patricia Drake

H, kingly poet, man of mighty heart,
Who never doubted that the clouds would break,
Who tore the veil of fearful doubt apart,
 and called on sluggish spirits to awake,
And bade them hear God's voice and heed it well—
 Who glorified age as a splendid crown,
Cried that death was a paeon, not a knell,
 And bade souls strive, now ever be cast down!

See thy reward, oh Browning: trembling youth
 Fervently echoes Paracelsus's cry,
 "I go to prove my soul!—In God's good time!"
Loves joyous living, yet fears not to die,—
 Trusts ever, with a faith strong and sublime,
And seeks the peerless majesty of truth!

BROWNING AND BAYLOR



Judd Mortimer Lewis

HERE to thy spirit we are dedicate.
Our longings, and our aspirations high,
Flights which, with thy strength, we shall dare to try.
The hopes we have; the heart to toil and wait,
Building our faith till faith shall be a trait.
As young birds preen their wings ere they can fly,
And scan far heights, glad they are far and high,
We lift our eyes glad for the heights the great
Have climbed to set a mark against the blue—
A high, clean life-mark—calling, more and more,
“Keep thy ideals! To thine own-self be true!
Climb thou as high as man hath climbed before!”

Baylor and Browning—inspiration high
To lift high spires into the glowing sky.

TO ROBERT BROWNING
"A Japanese Appreciation"



Yone Noguchi

YOU are a smoking-room story-teller of the pageant
of life seen by senses,
Your gusto in speech turns your art into obscurity,
Again from the obscurity into a valedictory:
You are a provincialism endorsed by eccentric pride.
You are sometimes riotous to escape from anarchism.
Your great thirst for expression makes you a soul-wounding romancer,
You often play the mystagogue, and appear cruel.
You are a glutton of colorful adventures.
You are a troubadour serenading between the stars and Life,
Your love song on a guitar torments us even physically;
You are a realist who under the darkness purifies himself into the
light of optimism;
You are a griffin wildly dancing on human laughter.

BROWNING IN TEXAS

"In memory of a happy visit to Baylor University, with her unparalleled collection of Browning memorabilia."



Edwin Markham

BROWNING, your soul ranged over lands and seas,
Seeking the import of this march of man:
You were at home with folk of all degrees,
 From Paracelsus down to Calaban.
But did you ever in your circling sweep
 Behold this young dominion of mankind,
Which for all coming centuries will keep
 Tokens and trophies of your Orphic mind?

Texas! Did that name whisper in your brain
 When you were searching life with peering eyes?
Ah, she is spacious as your song's domain;
 And like it, she is archt with starry skies.
Being great herself—wind-thrilled from every pole—
She folds in her own the greatness of your soul.

ROBERT BROWNING



Benoy Kumar Sarkar

PROACH not Robert Browning ye who want
Success, tranquility, or peace of life;
Solution of conflicts, and harmony
Do not furnish themes of his plays, songs, and tales.

A deep plunge he took into vital sap
To perceive, explain, convey life's own being;
Life is but movement, unrest, revolution,—
A story of fight and grand defeat.
Man is not he who is content with success,
He is man indeed who ever failure seeks;
Daily to seize fresh future is his one care,
To grasp the moon, up into the skies to fly.

Hair-splitting critic is Browning; he paints
Eternal soul and finite body's strife;
Heros, hermits, lovers, priests, scholars,—all
Bear on flesh and blood endless yearning's marks.
Wildly in the breast of men and women
Surges the same Paracelsian work;
“Immense am I, Immortal is myself,
Brow I would, break I would, though bound in mud!”
Life is not in any moment exhausted,
In any nucleus, person, or race;
To fail is the nature progressive man's
New hopes live on through despair, doubt, death.

Teacher of efforts, of fruition careless,
O thou world's greatest, best critic of life!
Thine is the modern Greeta's gospel of hope
And work for its own sake, O seer, energist bold!

BROWNING THE GUIDE



D. R. Partney

E see afar the height we'd gain
Enshrouded in a misty veil,
The way is steep, no path way plain,
But jagged rocks our hopes assail.

We've seen the city and our souls
Cry out to gain the glimmering height.
We climb to slip and pause and fall
As inch by inch we make the flight.

And when the path becomes obscured,
We see no ledge on which to stand,
The strong guide makes our faith assured,
Hope strengthened by the steady hand.

He's climbed before and knows the way,
He learned by years of patient toil;
He fought the fight and gained the day
And now with him we share the spoil.

What wonders when we reach the top!
We pause to relish with our guide,
Who smiling says, "We cannot stop
There's too much on the other side."

DREAMER OF DREAMS



Elizabeth Clendenning Ring

DREAMER of spacious days when men shall fling
To earth their idols, reared by creeds outworn,
Lilting thy note of hope on gold-tipped wing,
To baffled watchers for a promised morn,
Lift high for us, like chime of temple bell,
Thy star-aspiring message! Let its spell,—

Like moon-glow soft on tumbled hills,
Like laughter gay from sunlit rills
Illume our skies where murky shadows dwell,
Entoning 'mid the starry ways Olympian
Some bold, symphonic phrase to shades Elysian,
Thy voice brings balm to us who, songless,—wait.

Flute clear, behind the old grey wall,
Still echoes Pippa's dreamlit call,
And oft, when down a dust-bleak street,
Her laughing song goes lilting, sweet,
Men pause to ponder the strange dream,
Awakened by her song serene.

Still Andrea mourns his tarnished dream,
The dying Bishop plots and schemes,
To lie in blissful ecstasy,
'Neath matchless lapis lazuli.
Still, down a haunted Roman street,
Pompilia hastens, with bleeding feet,
Swift to her tragic doom.

Sordello, moody, doubt-wrapped, as of yore,
Still seeks fair Palma down the corridor
Of dreams. Deep-throated, 'mid far-rolling spheres,
Ben Ezra's voice drifts faintly to our ears.
Musing, we hear, by Bethany's ancient gate,

Karshish, the Arab, until the hour grows late,
Contend that sleep, not death, was Lazarus' fate.

Oft in his organ loft, at eventide,
Some earth-worn, star-souled old musician
Hears Volger's chords above the night wind ride,
A ghostly pageantry of sounds patrician,
That 'neath Italian moons still eerie glide

A wastrel world still haunts the paths of Night,
Nor heeds the dazzling aureole of light
Above the brow of Peace. Harassed, we need
Thy lofty psalm, the splendor of thy creed,
That out of evil portent, good shall rise,
That 'mid the dark. Dawn kindles down the skies.

That Love, exalted, all persistent,
Shall reign, though Hate may mock and scheme,
That Righteousness, with note insistent,
Shall quench Wrong's brutal, sordid theme,
That Truth above the market place,
Where Falsehood flaunts her shameless grace,
Shall lift the glory of her face.

TO ROBERT BROWNING



Dorothy Scarborough

ENGLAND—Italy—Texas!—
Three countries shrine your name;
In this far land you never saw
Now brightest shines your fame.

England gave your being birth,
Italy was home;
Do not your loving thoughts sometimes . . .
To Texas Baylor come?

L'ENVOI



Weldon Stone

FAREWELL to Browning, you say?
Yes, when the sun sinks down
To rise on never a day;
And Love, Atlantis-like, is drowned;
And Death fits a key to Beauty's door—
Then, ah, then, but not before,
You say, Farewell to Browning!

TO ROBERT BROWNING



Marie Ada Molineux

Poet, Comforter of souls art thou!
When waves and winds are high and fierce
And deep life's ship ploughs with uneven keel,
Still steering with uplifted trusted brow
 Though through the muck stars scarce can pierce,
The Helmsman, lonely, grasps yet firm the wheel.

For he remembers thy brave words of faith,
 So fully figured forth in life
When sorrow's heart-stab sharply rent thy peace
Let blood-drops ever trickle slow in scarte,
 That Heaven was above the strife
And old loves there, to find with grief's surcease.

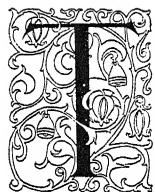
“BROWNING”



Gatha Wood Taylor

IKE Betelgeus, that flamed afar
With beauty harnessed, held in store
Until an eye could find its place,
Seeking undaunted, clouds in space,—
So your, O, Robert Browning, walked
In star-sown paths and flnng gems where
The myriads groped; but oft they pass,
And find them shining in the grass.

IN TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS



Alfred Tennyson

O my good friend
Robert Browning,
Whose genius and geniality
Will best appreciate what is best,
And make allowance for what may be worst,
This volume
Is
Affectionately inscribed."

ON ROBERT BROWNING



Mabelle Brown Webb

MASTER of passion, sense and rugged harmony,
Thine art is buried with thee! None evoke
Like thee, the pure and perfect melody
With artist stroke
From tuneless instrument, but they,
With lighter touch, in lighter fancy play.
Bringer, of mystic lore, from Italy,
Weaver of legends fair from sunny Spain,
Builder of stately thymes, we find in thee
Soul symphonies which none will sing again.

We'd rest upon the plane of thy high fantasy,
And having known thee, know none else but thee.
No dilettante thou! Thou layest bare
Men's souls, and secret places findest; and then
With art, the truth dost declare
And gentle pity covers all again.
Thine is the true physician's art—to find
The malady, and benefit mankind.
The beauties of thy thought, not lightly lie
Upon the surface of thy lyric page.

Who seeks thy meaning understandingly
Must every faculty of mind engage.
Who fain would know thee, as thou wouldest be known
Must have a mind en rapport with thine own.
Who seeks the warmth of sunlight, turns him so
That on him falls the full orb's slanting rays.
Who seeks thy deeper recesses to know,
Enters with thee, the labyrinthine ways.
Daring to follow where thou leadest on,
Daring the darkened pass thyself hast won.

Through metaphysic paths of light and shade,
Through transcendental byways strange and lone,
Following the quaint suggestiveness thou'st made
So wholly, fascinatingly thine own.
Thy "lyric love, half angel," it is said,
Above all others, thee interpreted.
Of "brains that ticked two centuries ago."
Thou hast in mediaeval language told.
Having wrought in metric moulding, lo
Thy "Ring and Book" in pure and lustrous gold.
A golden orb's thy soul's circumference.
Embracing all that is, of sound and sense.

THE WRITING DESK OF ROBERT BROWNING



Calvin Dill Wilson

ND this is where the master sat and penned
The verse that brightens human life and adds
To hope and strength. Above this desk there bent
 The giant brain in throes creative. Words
Here rose as deathless visions that shall charm
 Our children's children to the end of time,
Here through the thunder-clouds of thought.there burst
 The sunshine of his faith, and here to truth
Were wedded singing words that home themselves
 In hearts the stronger, braver for his toil.

AFTER DEATH



Roma Wilson

ALACE of beauty, or Westminster by name,
Whose stones resound to life of days gone by,
Who pay respect alone to names of fame,
And who disdain that common ones should lie
Entombed with kings and queens, whose title high
Award to them a vault in halls of state.
With those who wore the crown must Browning lie?
Poet of other lands, beloved by fate
Yet claimed in death as England's son, the great
But did he choose this tomb among the arts?
O Florence, open now your city gate,
Come claim your dead, unite the poet hearts.
Then we can hear them whisper in a breath,
"I shall but love thee better after death!"

IN OTHER LANDS



J. Roby Ward

E speak today and praise your name,
Because of wide estate
Your work has reached,
But ere we catalogue the list
Our work is out of date.

We name the nations where you go,
In language of their own, . . .
But soon we're wrong,
For as we toll the number off,
In other fields you're known.

'Twas twenty-six two years ago,
'Tis thirty-two today,
Ah, lucky lands,
That of your matchless wisdom drink
That to your music play.

Men are with wisdom thrice endowed,
Who open doors for you
To other tongues
And thus enrich their language lore,
As they could never do.

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Those poems identified as anonymous have been investigated and as far as it is determinable they have not been printed before, however, if the publisher is in error he wishes to give credit where it is in order.

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